Since They're Playin' Hawaiian Tunes In Dixie.

By BERNIE GROSSMAN, BILLY WINKLE and ARTHUR LANGE.

Allegro moderato.

Piano.

Ha-wai-ia, what did you do? I blame my troubles on you. Your tunes we sang and we wail. In music strange has caused a change in ev'ry thing I once knew. My folks in old Ten-nessee, seem days of yore are heard no more "Ha-wai-ian," that's all they know. The girls wear skirts made of hay, They oh so different to me. That Hula craze has changed their ways. They're crazy as can be. cut them shorter each day. The way they prance, the way they dance, Is worse than I can say.

Chorus.

Since they're play-in' Hawaiian tunes in Dix-ie-land, Rufe John-son got him-self a...
Hu-la band.  
Old uncle Joe sold his old ban jo, Plays the U-ka-le-le  
soft and low  
Deacon Brewster taught his rooster to Ya-ka hu-la hi-cky doo-la  
cock-a-doodle-do.  
Every body's dancing around just like they do  
in Hon-o-lu,  
Way down up-on the Swua-nee riv-er All the dark-ies  
shake and quiver, Since they're play-in' Ha-wai-ian tunes in Dix-ic-ee. Since